



**Start of Peter Sichel Family
Collection
AR 11680**

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AR 11680

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Peter Sichel Family Collection

1886 - 1939

Archives

Tagebuch
Art. 4433

Anmerkung.

Der Eintrag in das Bürger-
register und die Zustellung des
Bürger-Annahme-Decrets er-
folgt auf Antrag durch das
Secretariat der Großh. Bürger-
meisterei, jedoch nur gegen Vor-
zeigung dieser Quittung.

Unter *M. 67* (pro 18...))
des Bürgerregisters einge-
tragen.

A. 37.

Quittung

über

1. Hundert Mark { *Einzugs*
Genereimer } = Geld,

welche Herr *Kaufmann F. M. Loh*
wohnhaft zu *Mainz*

zur hiesigen Gemeinde-Casse heute entrichtet hat und hiermit quittirt werden.

Mainz, den *14ten* *August* 18*81*.

Der Gemeinde-Einnehmer.

H. Loh



At the address
Hull



Frei
Post- und
Dienstsache

Lob
unf. unf.
25/4-86

Hausz.



franz. Brevet

Menaggio

Holbe Menaggio

In Tr.M. J. 9881.

Darmstadt am 22. April 1886.

Betreffend:

Betreffend: *Leben des Geistlichen Pastors D. Markian
Sob. in Wamie im Zulehring zur Pfl.
ausgeschlossen.*

Das Großherzogliche
Ministerium des Innern und der Justiz

dem Gutsbesitzer des hiesigen D. Wurms Lob
in Mainz.

Auf die Eingabe vom 4. l. Mts. eröffnen wir Ihnen, dass wir Sie in Gemäßheit des § 3 und 114 der Postkassen-Ordnung, sowie der Lokalkassen-Ordnung vom 20. Juni 1859 der Postkassen-Ordnung betreffend, zur Kassenabnahme bei Großf. Lautenroth der Frising-Post, für Sie und bei Großf. Obenlandinger zu, gelassen haben.

Finney

R. Smith

DM

14/8 88

60

60

Mainz, den 14^{ten} August 1888.

Die Großherzoglich Hessische Bürgermeisterei
der
Provinzial-Hauptstadt Mainz

—

befehligt hiermit, daß Herr Dr.
Max Loe, Raymanns Sohn,
zufolge Verpflegung der Kassenord.
unter Aufsicht von 1. M.
in der für Ortsbürgermeister
aufgenommen und jetzt in der
Ortsbürgermeister aufgeführt von.
der ist.



Heckner

Kanzler Gds
Geiz Gds

1. 20

Ernst Ludwig
von Gottes Gnaden
Großherzog von Hessen und bei Rhein pp.

Wir Mostgenüßigst befohlen gegeben,
dem Rathekanzler

Dr. Markus Löb.

in Worin der Charakter als Justizrat, Kraft dieser,
zu erheben, ist sich ferner getreu zu verstehen.
Hochachtungsvoll
und treue Dienste
Großherzoglichen Raths.

Darmstadt, den 25^{ten} November 1908.

Ernst Ludwig.

Ewald

Jahrgang 4 Heft 1 Januar :: 1912 ::

Liberales Judentum

Monatschrift

für die
religiösen Interessen des Judentums

herausgegeben von der
**Vereinigung für das liberale
:: Judentum in Deutschland ::**

unter der Redaktion von
Dr. Caesar Seligmann,
Rabbiner in Frankfurt am Main.



Frankfurt am Main. Druck von Volgt & Gleiber.

Rundschau.

Zur Erinnerung an Justizrat Dr. Max Koch-Mainz.

Am 17. Dezember 1911 hat das Judentum einen herben, schwer zu ersiehenden Verlust erlitten. Das Familie und Freunde sind länger als Jahresfrist mit Bangen kommen haben, es ist eingetreten: Justizrat Dr. Max Koch in Mainz ist schwerer Krankheit erlegen. Am 23. September 1860 in Worms geboren, hat er ein Alter von kaum 51 Jahren erreicht.

Wie ist er das geworden, was er als Jude war? Antwort gibt ein Satz aus den von ihm während der letzten Wochen seiner Krankheit in die Feder diktierten Erinnerungen aus der Jugendzeit: „Zum letzten Ende wird die religiöse Weltanschauung durch die frühesten Eindrücke bestimmt, durch das Milieu, in dem man aufgewachsen ist, durch Glaube und Anschauung des Elternhauses, dem man entsprossen.“ Max Koch entstammte einem bescheidenen altjüdischen Hause. Der hervorragend talmudisch gebildete Großvater väterlicherseits, der mit den Eltern zusammenwohnte, und der damals jugendliche liberale Rabbiner in Worms, „sernten“ fast täglich zusammen. Der streng religiöse Zug, der im Hause herrschte, verfehlte seine Wirkung nicht auf den Knaben. Nachdem er vom 6ten bis zum 10ten Lebensjahre die simultane, allgemeine Volksschule besucht hatte, trat er mit dem zehnten Jahre in das Gymnasium ein, in dem er zunächst bis zur Unterprima blieb; dem Wunsche der Eltern gemäß sollte er Kaufmann werden. Er kam als Lehrling in das angesehenes Bankhaus Veit & Homburger in Karlsruhe. Wie wohl er seine freie Zeit mit dem Studium nationalökonomischer und geschichtlicher Werke und dem Erlernen fremder Sprachen ausfüllte, befriedigte dies seinen Drang nach geistiger Weiterbildung nicht, er gab den Wunsch zu erkennen, zu studieren; sein Wunsch wurde erfüllt, er wurde wieder Unterprimaner und bezog noch nicht neunzehn Jahre alt die Universität Heidelberg, ursprünglich in der Absicht, Mediziner zu werden. Nach wenigen Wochen fand er, daß das Studium der Medizin ihm nicht zusagte. Er wurde Jurist, hörte Bekker und Blunt-

schli, daneben Geschichte der griechischen Philosophie und das unvergeßliche Fauststüch bei Kuno Fischer; im Winter 1879/80 finden wir ihn in Berlin, wo er bei Bruns und Wolf Wagner belegte und bei Treitschke und Gneist hospitierte. Von Berlin siedelt er im Sommer 1880 nach Leipzig über, dort waren Binding, Wach und Roscher seine Lehrer, und schließlich weilte er drei Semester auf der heftigsten Landesuniversität in Gießen. Dort lehrte zu jener Zeit der liberale, damals noch jugendliche Strafrechtslehrer von Kist, der auf seine Schüler, die er auch in seinem gastlichen Hause sah, einen mächtigen Eindruck ausübte. Im Sommer 1882 bestand Koch glänzend sein erstes juristisches Examen, wurde zum juristischen Vorbereitungsdienst zugelassen, zunächst in Worms, später in Mainz, genigte dazu als Einjährig-Freiwilliger seiner Matrikelspflicht. Im Frühjahr 1886 unterzog er sich der juristischen Staatsprüfung und wurde kurz darauf, wozu ihn Lust und Neigung zogen, Rechtsanwalt in Mainz. Er war bald einer der geschäftigsten Anwälte und lag seinem Berufe, solange er nur tragend konnte, mit Liebe und Schaffensfreude in der erfolgreichsten Weise ob.

Die Saat, die das Elternhaus in dem Kinde ausgestreut und die eine durchs ganze Leben während Freundschaft mit seinem Religionslehrer, dem jetzt in Karlsruhe wohnenden Ehrenrabbiner von Worms, Dr. A. Stein, genährt hatte, war in dem Jüngling bereits aufgegangen und hatte als Frucht gezeitigt: ein ansgeprägtes jüdisch-religiöses Bewußtsein bei aller modernen Weltanschauung und religiösliberalen Lebensführung, einen starken Willen zum Judentum, ein festes und offenes Bekenntnis und ein begeistertes und begeistertes Eintreten für das Judentum. Dazu kam ein wahrhafter Patriotismus, nicht chauvinistischer Nationalismus und aus beidem heraus entstand die Überzeugung, daß es nicht nur Recht, sondern auch Pflicht sei, die vertriebenen Ansprüche der Juden auf Gleichberechtigung mit aller Energie geltend zu machen.

In Heidelberg im Lesesommer des Museums — es war damals die Anfangszeit der antisemitischen Bewegung — fällt

dem im ersten Semester stehenden Studenten eine Broschüre in die Hand „Finis Germaniae“ oder „Vae vietia“; ganz Deutschland sollte danach verjudet sein und der Deutsche sich ruhig in die Rolle als Judenstaven fügen. Entrüstet erhob der junge Student gegen diese Auslage sofort schriftliche Beschwerden. In Berlin kommt er in die Hochflut antisemitischer Bewegung; Stöcker stand auf dem Höhepunkte; den jungen Studenten zogs in die Versammlungen, um ihn über das aktuellste Thema sprechen zu hören. „Mächtig regte sich in mir der Trieb,“ so schreibt er selbst, „auf der Tribüne dem großen Agitator entgegen zu treten; als ich indes sah, in welcher Weise ein redegewandter Bekannter, der diesen Versuch machte, ausgehöhlt wurde und nahezu mißhandelt worden wäre, stand ich davon ab.“ — Einem adligen Kommisitionen, der im Kolleg neben ihm saß und eines Tags auf ausgeprochen semitische Gesichter hinweisend die Bemerkung machte: „Ueberall ist man doch von Juden umgeben,“ erwiderte er: „Einer sitzt neben Ihnen,“ worauf eine verlegene Entschuldigung erfolgte. In Leipzig beteiligte er sich in der lebhaftesten Weise an der Neuorganisation des Unterstützungsvereins für jüdische Studenten, und auch in Gießen, wo er in einer Gesellschaft verkehrte, in der sich eine große Zahl Christen befand, mit denen er Freundschaft fürs Leben schloß, verleugnete er nie sein Judentum.

Was der Jüngling versprach, hielt der Mann. Sehr bald, nachdem der Gedanke aufgelaucht war, der Bne-Brith-Loge in Deutschland Heimstätten zu verschaffen, finden wir Max Loeb als einen der eifrigsten Förderer und Vorkämpfer dieses Gedankens. Die erzieherische Bedeutung der Logen für die Gesamtjüdenheit, ihre Aufgabe, edel denkende Juden zu vereinen zu freiem Bekenntnis und zu den höchsten Idealen der Menschheit, stand ihm so hoch, daß er alles daran setzte, zu seinem Teile an der Erfüllung dieser Aufgabe mitzuwirken. Es ist allbekannt, wie er nicht nur in der Loge wirkte, der er angehörte, was er für die Großloge leistete, wie er organisierte, Propaganda betrieb und welche Erfolge erzielte, wie sein Name förmlich ein Programm war. Wer ihn mit seinem feurigen

Augen, mit seiner überzeugenden Beredsamkeit nur einmal die Logenideale klar legen hörte, der mußte zu seinen Ideen hingearbeitet werden. Er gab stets sein Bestes: nicht nur den Ausdruck seines Geistes, sondern auch seines Herzens, eines warm empfindenden jüdischen Herzens. Welch hohe Bedeutung für das Judentum er der Logenidee beimaß, dafür wird immerdar seine in der Novemberbeilage 1911 zum Bericht der Großloge erschienener Aufsatz „Mehr Steifnacktheit“ zeugen, sein „Vermächtnis“ für die Loge, wie er es im engsten Kreise wenige Wochen vor seinem Tode nannte.

Max Loeb war seiner Gemeinde, die ihn in ihren Vorstand berief, ein guter, pflichterfüllter Ratgeber.

Was er sonst den großen deutschen Organisationen des Judentums war, ist noch frisch in der Erinnerung aller Beteiligten. Unvergesslich wird die Zuspache sein, die er am 13. Oktober 1907 in der zweiten Hauptversammlung des Verbandes Deutscher Juden in Frankfurt a. M. als Korreferent über „Staatsinteresse und Judentum“ hielt. In formvollendeter Weise erhob er aus seinem glühenden Patriotismus heraus schwere Anklagen gegen die ungerechtfertigte Zurücksetzung der Juden, durch die das Staatsinteresse nicht gefördert, sondern geschädigt werde und entseffelte Stürme des Beifalls und der Begeisterung.

Als im Mai des Jahres 1908 die Vereinigung für das liberale Judentum in Deutschland ins Leben gerufen wurde, folgte Max Loeb gerne und bereitwillig dem Rufe, in den Vorstand unserer Vereinigung einzutreten. Denn er war das Vorbild eines wahrhaft liberalen Juden.

In seinem privaten Leben von tiefer, innerlichster Religiosität, treu und frei, jede Ueberzeugung achtend, selbst friedfertig und friedentüchtig. Wollte man von welcher Seite immer, ihn nicht auch einen echten, frommen Juden nennen? Etwa, weil er manches, was die Orthodoxie als wesentlich bezeichnet, nicht mehr als bindend ansah? Tene war eine seiner wesentlichen Charaktereigenschaften, Treue auch gegen die Religion, in der er geboren. Deshalb schmerzte es ihn auch so tief, wenn er sah, wie viele Juden abseits von ihren Glaubensgenossen standen, die „Lauen und Schwächen“, wie er sie nannte,

und mit flammender Beredsamkeit wandte er sich gegen die, die von ihrem Glauben abtrünnig wurden, — gar um in Amt und Würden zu gelangen, und gegen den Staat, der das begünstigte. Er war auch fromm in Demut, Wohltätigkeit und rührender Bescheidenheit.

In Wort und Schrift pries er stets als das Höchste, was der Jude von Alters her kannte, ein inniges Familienleben, und er selbst hat sich das innigste Familienleben geschaffen, aus dem er die Kraft schöpfte für seine angestrengte Tätigkeit. Wer ihn mit seiner klangvollen, sympathischen Stimme am Sederabend oder zur Chanukkazeit der Väter Weisse singen hörte, der erkannte, daß er sich Gottesdienst in seinem Hause schuf.

Mögen die Wünsche, die er für das Judentum hatte, in Erfüllung gehen, möge ihn aus der Jugend befehrmütiger Nachwuchs erhalten werden. Dann hat seine Tätigkeit ihre Frucht getragen und man wird das, was er leistete und schuf, nicht vergessen.

J. R. Dr. Loeb-Darmstadt.

Nachruf

gewidmet dem sel. Dr. Heinemann Vogelstein bei der Jahresversammlung des Vereins israëlit. Lehrer der Provinz Pommern von dem Vorstehenden Lion Wolff am 29. Oktober 1911 in Stettin.

Hochverehrte Herren und Kollegen!

Ich nenne das verfloßene Jahr eines der bedeutungsvollsten, das wir seit dem Bestehen des Vereins erlebt haben, bedeutungsvoll ebenso durch erhebende, wie tieftaurige Begebenheiten.

Sie fühlen es, daß ich dabei in dieser Stunde an unseren Dr. Vogelstein denke.

Am 20. Februar d. Js. hatten wir, die Vertreter unseres Vereins: Herr Dr. Worms, Herr Kollege Simon und ich die ehrenvolle Aufgabe, den sel. Dr. Vogelstein zu seinem 70. Geburtstag als „Ehrenmitglied“ begrüßen zu dürfen.

Es war eine erhebende Feier in dem gastlichen Heim des Jubilars, es war herzerquickend, den jugendlichen Greis zu hören, wie er mit der ihm eigenen Eloquenz auf

alle Ansprachen antwortete, rührend auch den Pater familias inmitten seiner gesegneten Angehörigen zu sehen.

Und wenige Monate später kam wie ein Blitz aus heterem Himmel die Schreckenskunde: Dr. Vogelstein ist nicht mehr! Wie sein Leben und Wirken segensreich gewesen, so auch sein Tod. Wie unser großer Lehrer Moscheh ist er durch einen Gottesstuf von hinnen gerufen worden, und wie wir vor kurzem in dem letzten Kapitel der Thora von Moscheh gelesen:

„Ungetrübt blieb sein Auge, ungebrochen seine geistigen, wie körperlichen Kräfte“, so gestaltete sich auch sein Greisenalter.

Seine dankbare Gemeinde hat ihm eine Totenfeier veranstaltet, die ebenso von der Würdigkeit des Heimgegangenen, wie von der Würdigkeit der Gemeinde Zeugnis ablegt.

Ich habe bedeutende und verdiente Männer zu Grabe geleitet; eine ähnliche Gedenkfeier habe ich nie gesehen!

Daß sein profundes Wissen, sein Geist, besonders aber sein segensreiches Wirken innerhalb seiner Gemeinde, wie auch für die Aufgaben des liberalen Judentums von den zahlreichen Rednern, in erster Reihe von unserem Dr. Worms gewürdigt wurde, braucht nicht besonders hervorgehoben zu werden. Es dürfte daher schwer werden, der Charakteristik des Heimgegangenen eine neue Seite abzugewinnen.

Aber ich darf hier, in unserem Verein eine Tugend erwähnen, die, wie das ja auch in der Bedeutung des Wortes liegt, nicht allgemein bekannt ist; ich meine die Mitzwo Mattan Lesäser „im Stillen Gutes zu üben.“

Wenige Monate vor seinem Heimgange hat ich um seine Hilfe für ein Mitglied unseres Vereins, das nicht mehr in unserer Provinz wirkt. Er antwortete mir, daß er wohl von seiner Bedürftigkeit, weniger aber von der Würdigkeit überzeugt sei, — aber er half!

In einem anderen Falle, wo er aus voller Ueberzeugung empfehlen konnte, wurde auch in ausreichendem Maße für den Petenten gesorgt.

Wie ich nachträglich erfahre, können diese Beispiele vervielfältigt werden.

Nach der Maxime „de mortuis nil nisi bene von den Toten nur Gutes“, hört

"From the time of Youth-about the time of Youth;"

The melody and words reverberate in my head. In these modern and restless times of hustle and bustle the best is often forgotten. The memory of those golden days filled with sunshine and parental love, these feelings of pure and noble ideals, transport my mind from daily tasks down memory lane.

Due to illness and physical suffering these past years, I have been doomed to inactivity. In my quiet little chamber I wait, lamenting and suffering – for what? Suddenly, during pain free moments, memories of my youth rise to the surface. I try to capture, hold and record them. Not for me, whose days are numbered; may be for my children, my faithful beloved wife, for a few people who show an interest in a more innocent past, who are not totally unfamiliar with those times, and in whom it will evoke memories.

Just a two hour walk from the old city of Worms, are two completely catholic villages, Herrnheim and Abenheim formerly the fiefdom of the Dalbergs. (*Ed. Not found on map, but villages called Monsheim, Obrigheim and Dalsheim are villages near Worms.*) Fate decreed that the present generation in the ancestral castle, as well as those from the previous century became industrialists. Obenheim and Herrnheim always harbored a Jewish presence. My first childhood memories go back to Obenheim. The boys, who showed a special interest, were told of the founding of the Jewish community in Dalberg. A native from there had taken part in the Crusades to the Holy Land. After having been severely wounded by the Saracens, he was taken to a Jewish home, where the care given him saved his life. Upon returning home, filled with gratitude, he decreed that from now on the persecuted Jews in both villages were to be given their freedom in perpetuity. During the pogroms in Worms, one of the oldest communities, the Jews fled and were taken in and welcomed in both villages.

My grandparents on both sides lived in Abenheim. My father was the only son, while my mother had many siblings; eleven I believe. My grandfather on my father's side, lost his wife immediately after the birth of his son, my father. In order to give his boy a mother, he soon entered into a second marriage. This grandfather was extremely intelligent and gifted. He was the leader of the rather large Jewish community. Apart from small trade undertakings, as was customary at the time among Jews, my grandparents owned a sizable vineyard and several acres of land. They managed these holdings with the help of a farmhand and maid servant. Grandfather found the time to study and enlarge his already significant Jewish knowledge. He spent every spare minute in the study of the holy texts. He owned an extensive and valuable library, where he delved in search of Jewish wisdom. This simple peddler and property owner was soon recognized and given an honorary title by the Rabbi of Worms. Grandmother was a sensitive yet energetic woman.

For us children it was a joyous and welcome holiday, when we were allowed to visit the grandparents in Abenheim. These rural trips, not far from the city, were extremely beneficial for the childish temperament. Every time we learned and had new experiences. Grandfather stimulated and inspired the youthful mind. The Jewish life of the small congregation was concentrated in the large living room with a low ceiling and old-fashioned wooden furniture, the same as in every neighbors home. Of course we knew all the children living there. Nearly everybody was related, either by marriage or birth or they were good friends. We had plenty of playmates. Cousins of the same age made sure we were entertained. How proudly I rode as a little boy on the big stallion, which brought in the potato harvest.. I dimly recall that

grandmother was not too pleased with this venture. During Pesach we kids brought Matzos to the neighboring farms and were rewarded with brightly colored Easter eggs. They tasted so delicious with a piece of Matzo.

Near my grandparents lived the baker called "Hannes," a wealthy farmer who ran the bakery as a sideline. The Jews of the village took their cakes and Shalets (*Ed. A dish also known as "chulent"*) to be baked in his oven. On Shabbat they were served to great acclaim. I have a vague recollection that sometimes the various crock pots, all of similar appearance, were mixed up. One day a big scandal occurred. "Moshe" insisted that his dish was exchanged on purpose. The one he received did not contain the raisins and other delicacies, which he as a widower had prepared all by himself and was worth far less than the one he had brought to Hannes. I had never seen anybody so furious. Fortunately it did not lead to any long lasting animosity.

Opposite the bakery stood the first tavern of the village, managed by a stout red-faced innkeeper, a widow. It was favored by the local dignitaries, the doctor, solicitor, and other dignitaries, who stopped off in Obenheim on business. As children we always heard of the good the food and drink served there. We observed how everything gleamed and sparkled and how the coachmen relaxed at ease, while the gentlemen paid their compliments to the hostess. The baker Hannes and the innkeeper are long since been laid to rest in the cool earth.

The religious worship functions in the Jewish community were overseen by an elderly teacher, who in his youth may have been able to lead the chanting of the prayers. But by the time he came to Abenheim he had long since lost his voice. The old teacher had come from straightened circumstances before he settled in Abenheim, and eked out a modest existence. He found a young wife and as far as I know he never regretted the marriage, having found a faithful caretaker. Since the old man had no voice, a young businessman, who later immigrated to America led the services and officiated on the high holidays. I still recall his fresh and youthful baritone, with which he regaled the congregation on Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur. This was the first musical stimulation of my young life. At home I stood in front of a mirror and tried to imitate what I had heard. My childish voice apparently did not sound unpleasant. In any case my listeners were quite impressed and grandfather encouraged me.

My most vivid impression is of a vacation visit in Abenheim during my first year in school. A new Rabbi had come to Worms; a very young man just ordained at the rabbinical seminary in Breslau, who was chosen to lead the oldest Jewish community in Germany. He proved to be highly qualified. Rabbi Dr. Stein had retired 2 years previously, much to the dismay of his many friends and admirers and left Worms. I as a 6 year old boy had the honor to travel with this man to my grandparents in Abenheim for his first visit to the congregation there. It goes without saying that the Rabbi would be the guest of my grandparents over Shabbat and the visitor was accorded all due honors, including a favorite dinner in Jewish households, featuring a roasted goose and all the trimmings. The young boy, not used to so much culinary excess finally gave up and amused all those present, by pointing to his throat, motioning that he was unable to eat another bite.. I have a vivid recollection of the enthusiasm that greeted the young Rabbi's Shabbat sermon. The next day I was proud to be able to answer some questions during his interrogation of the Abenheimer youngsters (*in Hebrew school.*) which others had missed.

A considerable number of Abenheimer relatives and other inhabitants left for America at that time, following others who had gone before and who were well established. There was an elderly cousin named Wolf, unmarried, somewhat limited mentally and good natured. His

siblings were doing very well over there, but he was supposed to stay and all out efforts were made to get him married off. One day the family "from the other side" came for an "inspection visit" The guests were plied with coffee and cake. Cousin Wolf felt very uncomfortable being scrutinized. "It makes me feel good that you all came. What would we have done with all that cake otherwise?" The advantages for a man of having a place of his own and a wife to come home to after work were pointed out to him. Nothing came of the marriage project of course and Wolf immigrated to America to join his siblings. I heard from my uncle that he did enter into holy matrimony and was very happy. Then there was David a dignified elderly gentleman. He was a hypochondriac and spoiled by his much younger and efficient wife. He favored a special medication "Magenbitter" and took all the advertised benefits as gospel truth. Despite the medicine the ailment prevailed and he kept looking for a new "wonder cure." He continued this quest until the end of his life.

Then there was Malchen. She owned a small haberdashery store, wore glasses, read a great deal and was very knowledgeable. We were astonished and full of reverence to learn that the Catholic Priest entered into occasional debates and discussions with her. She was an avid reader of the magazine "Gartenlaube" and was well informed about it's contents as well as various newspapers. Then there was "Woelfchen" the Jewish butcher of the village; dainty, small and of limited intelligence, but very industrious and the father of numerous children, which increased yearly. He eventually moved to Worms. In my young years we often watched the (kosher) slaughtering. Despite anti-Semitic claims, I do not remember any undue cruelty (*to animals*.) I recall witnessing a fascinating ceremony at the butcher "Woelfchen." A new baby made it's appearance once again, this time a girl. We children were invited to the "Hohlenkreisch". We lifted the cradle slightly off the ground, where the newest honorary citizen lay and yelled loudly: "Hohlenkreisch! What is the name of this child?" Then the baby was given a name, in other words a sort of baptism. We children were rewarded with candy, nuts and other sweets. Then we left after having created a huge commotion without regard of the well being of the new mother. As mentioned before, Woelfchen moved to Worms, where his family continued to multiply, creating a whole dynasty of butchers and their wives, all decent and honorable people. He himself has long been laid to rest.

Don't think that we boys, who spent our vacation with grandparents, led the life of a hermit at home. On the contrary, a large number of friends were always available and ready for activities. In my young years Worms was a rather small and genial town with a sizable Jewish community. There still existed the old "Jew Street" (*Jewish Ghetto*) and the ancient Synagogue filled with memories. The Jewish population was small enough for everybody to know everybody else, constituting an extended family. From the beginning Rabbi Dr. Stein made sure that this situation would not change. Indeed a certain rift did exist between a very small faction, actually just one man, a Jewish scholar who had hoped to become the Rabbi and whom the congregation rejected in favor of a more modern theologian. With resentment and even hatred towards his successor supported by his family and a small following he formed a miniscule separate congregation. During the High Holiday we children participated in the orthodox services.

I remember during high school years Dr. Stein preached a sermon on: "Peace to those near and far," a sermon full of reconciliation and love. The orthodox had a new young candidate, who never mentioned peace and harmony. We children listened to both sermons. The mild words of peace and harmony impressed us more, than the oratory over there calling for battle.

I have not mentioned that a large number of my relatives lived in Worms; first the grandparents from mother's side. They lived near the Mainzer Gate in a charming little house with a garden, where fruit trees and lovely flowers bloomed. Grandfather had married at a very young age, around the time of Napoleon as married men did not have to serve in the army. Even as children we were aware, that this grandfather, wealthy and with a large property was probably the wealthiest Jew in Abenheim, while the other grandfather was the most knowledgeable, given the circumstances of that time. The grandparents had long since sold their house and livestock and retired in Worms. All the children were married and well established, while the youngest one studied medicine. How strange it seems today, that at the time of arranged marriages, mother who was 17 years old was called to come into the "salon" where she was informed: "Kaetchen, you have just become the bride of Leopold." My mother had no objection to the match and the nuptials took place shortly afterwards. We children enjoyed all the sweets and goodies available at the grandparent's house. There was all that delicious fruit to be picked. The household was managed by a cousin who tried to stop us from helping ourselves at will, but without success. I still remember that my sister, dressed in a brightly colored dress could not resist helping picking and enjoying sweet blueberries, then dribbling the juice all over her new dress. The consequences of that adventure were dealt with at home.

Grandmother did not live long after the move to Worms. But grandfather imposing and dignified with a full head of still black hair, lived there for many years after the death of his wife. He continued to be the center of his large family. On Purim the grandparents gathered their children and in laws to a special feast. We children were permitted to appear in time for dessert, since there was not enough room for everybody. The grandparents in Abenheim finally gave in to the constant pressure and pleading to move to Worms. The community in Abenheim had shrunk considerably, due to migration and departure for larger cities. Thus it was not a difficult decision to move to their son and his family in Worms. For us children their presence was of great advantage as our grandparents gave us a lot of loving attention. Thanks to grandfather, our home acquired a much more religious character. We attended services daily and acquired a close knit relationship with the Jewish community in Worms. Grandfather met daily with the Rabbi studying those ancient Jewish texts, while our knowledge remained limited to the most elementary level, something I often regretted later on. However the heightened religious atmosphere in our home did have an influence on the whole family.

Worms boasted on of the oldest grammar schools and prep school for the Gymnasium. Father sent us boys to the local grammar school, aware that any segregation in the early years of development was not wise. It was there, that I spent the first four years, gaining knowledge in the elementary subjects taught by two teachers. One of them became superintendent of schools later on, which proves that he was a highly qualified pedagogue. The other one was a temperamental charming man, very involved in local activities. His enthusiasm inspired us well beyond the classroom. We had to take an entrance exam for the Gymnasium. This was the first of the many tests and trials that life had in store for me. I feared and dreaded it, yet it turned out to be quite easy and we all passed. The portals to the Gymnasium were now open to us. The principal of the school was Dr. Wiegman, an old-fashioned gentleman, who did not have the high minded attitude, which were later considered a worthy attributes of teachers. It's a well known fact that a teacher is open to derision and ridicule. With dozens of eyes focused on him daily, not even a minute weakness goes unnoticed. Young people are prone to exaggeration. His authority is constantly being questioned and critiqued. Every teacher from the headmaster down has a nick name. Every one of their foibles and weaknesses are known to the students. It's a

childish habit to torment the teacher, if one thinks one can get away with it. I mentioned the headmaster; I only got to know him from a distance when we students had to assemble in the auditorium, where we received admonitions and lectures. "May God be with you" the talk began. We boys were under the impression that an oratorical masterpiece would follow. We were therefore very chagrined when nothing of the sort was forthcoming. I remember that the announcement was made: "The toilets have just received a fresh coat of paint and we expect you to take care and keep the place clean." This surpassed all boundaries. The students had expected "pearls of wisdom" instead received such a mundane announcement. I have never forgotten this inconsequential observation with which we were introduced to the school by the headmaster. I believe he was pensioned, during my second year in school. I have a vivid recollection of him still, as being weak and helpless, while his successor, Dr. Becker represented the exact opposite, being irascible, dashing, very gifted and extremely strict. He was a man, who held himself as well as his students to the highest standards and would fly into a rage, if things did not go his way. Now we were told at the beginning of the school year what demands would be made and what was expected of us. How we longed for the good old days!

Apart from teachers which we admired, there were a number of elderly types. There was the teacher who taught drawing and gymnastics, an old man, who was unable to demonstrate even the simplest exercise. His nickname was (*? unable to read*) apparently because that during his army days he had to take roll call. I remember that during the beautiful month of May, while this old gent marched us around the gym, we planted lady bugs on his back and legs as he passed him. One day he demanded that during our drawing lesson, each student bring a knife to sharpen his pencil. He would punish all those who did not do so. On the designated day; the boys arrived with knives of the most incredible kind. Here, an old knife which was used for cooking, then a table knife and one that was used to slaughter animals, which they showed the old teacher. Needless to say he too was pensioned off pretty soon.

The head teacher in the "Secunda" was of the old school, a philosopher whose ideas were ruled by classical standards of honorable behavior, a gentleman who did not really fit into these modern times. He demanded the utmost respect and demeanor from his students. He was in charge of 2 grades. He could not understand that boys would go to the Gymnasium, just to pass the "Einjahreige" (*high school?*) exam. Unfortunately there were plenty of those and he treated them miserably. The way he showed his contempt was by asking a student who later became a well known physician, "Do you want to become a tradesman or do you want to study?" He expressed his scorn in front of the whole class by announcing: "You are not suited for anything but a shop keeper." proof of the value with which such work was regarded in the year 1870-71 in the eyes of an old classicist. His love of Latin went so far, that he tried to converse in that language with his students. This idea did not take hold. When a boy was asked: "Ano Titus Cirius natus est?" and the student replied: "Cirius wasin the year...." all attempt at Latin failed and the dialogue had to be continued in German. "You idiot, when I ask you (in Latin) I expect you to answer in Latin!" The old gentleman expected that at the New Year, his pupils would offer him their best wishes. We boys were proud that we were able to fulfill this harmless request. He then gave us a lengthy speech expressing his gratitude that his students showed such faithfulness.

I vividly recall another head master. He was short, stout and near sighted. His "mild" form of punishment consisted of a sharp whack on the hands for perceived misdeeds. His enthusiasm for this form of pedagogic education went so far, that when a student offered to take over this

task the teacher agreed! A certain kind of humor was thus inserted into the punishment. The slaps did not hurt much on those days. Kreiser, the teacher was a friend of my uncle Leo, the physician from their student days. This gave me a sort of preferred status, at least I thought so.

He was replaced in the "Quinta" by an elderly teacher, a unique person. We later learned that his "originality" was caused by mental problems. When I encountered him again in another grade, I noticed decided paranoid tendencies. We boys were only aware of some oddities in this unhappy unstable man. For example he was of the opinion, that the letter "G" could only be pronounced in a certain way. The German dialect has various ways for its pronunciation. He, the teacher was more inclined towards a "Z" pronunciation and demanded of us to follow his example. This caused certain difficulties, which turned out to be hilarious. The man became enraged at any rustling or creaking noise. Unfortunately one of the benches in our class creaked all the time.. We boys tortured the poor man by constantly moving it, causing him to fly into uncontrollable rages. I believe he ended up in a mental institution.

Ernst Eckstein (?) came to visit our school. We could not find any more ennobling literature than his little book, especially since we knew that Eckstein was a Hessian and had the advantage of being a teacher. We were delighted when we found out one day, that a young philosopher would be our teacher, who was none other than the son of Samuel Heinzerling (?) the famous philosopher. We were prepared to receive him with the utmost courtesy. The person who showed up was nothing like we had expected. A small awkward little creature, whose dialect was reminiscent of Samuel Heinziger, He mounted the lectern, opened a book and never changed his position during the entire lecture. I think we read "Virgil" during his tenure. We freely copied translations from others and when called upon to recite helped each other by whispering the answer to the Latin text. Eventually our little philosopher caught on. He emerged from behind his desk and tried to regain some order and control. At that time all our teachers were employees of the state and wore a uniform. The ministers had ordered a certain style for each branch of the government. Not everybody looked very imposing in such an outfit. One could be a first class teacher and look horrible in the required uniform. There was one teacher, a classicist, one of the most obese people I have ever seen. The uniform looked worse on him than on anybody. Nevertheless the man was an excellent teacher. He left to become editor of a democratic newspaper in Mainz.

I think I mentioned already, that besides our secular studies, we also got Hebrew instructions from a Mr. Pappenheimer. He and his wife Helene lived in a big old house in the Judengasse (Jew Street). The lower floors were used for grain storage. A scholar of the old school, who had studied at the Yeshiva in Fuerth, also lived there. Pappenheimer was always ready for a treat. He could not resist nibbling on anything in sight. In order to reach the children's room in our house, where the lessons were held, one had to pass through the kitchen. A small bottle of wine stood there. Our teacher took it as an invitation to imbibe a little, before starting classes. We had a friend, Rudolph Sicherer (?) who was always ready for some mischief. He was well aware of the weakness of our teacher. One day he added all sorts of ingredients, such as pepper and salt to the wine. We all waited and watched as Pappheimer poured himself a glass and downed it in one gulp, as was his custom. We youngsters broke into loud laughter at the sight of his grimaces and insisted that he had picked up the wrong bottle, which was used for other purposes. That was the end of this ritual.

A sister of my grandmother on my father's side lived in Mainz. She was married to a banker, Leon Fulda. She was a tall, stately and good looking woman. In contrast her husband was

short, dainty and always wore a top-hat. Fulda was one of those small bankers, who visited stock exchange daily. Apparently a lot of trading was going on at that time already. Wiesbaden boasted a casino, which gave those, so inclined a chance to try their luck at the roulette tables. My late uncle seemed to have made full use of it, with negative results. His determined wife tried to get an assurance from the weak willed man to give up his gambling vice. This was difficult for him, but necessary, as it endangered their marriage. I seem to remember that my aunt left him at some time, but returned once he kept his promise.

We often received parcels with delicacies from Mainz. We children were thrilled, especially as we got a lion's share of the contents. The war of 1866 (?) induced uncle and aunt as well as a large number of inhabitants, to leave Mainz. They feared an occupation of the fortress with its consequences and decided to settle in Worms. I remember those times, mainly, because we three siblings were confined to bed with the measles. Mother's concern and care, loafing around after we were out of bed and being spoiled with presents, are my most vivid memory.

After my uncle died, my aunt came to live with us in Worms, where she moved into an apartment near us. She was kind and generous until the end of her days. I still remember her culinary skills. The interaction between grandparents, parents and other relatives was most harmonious.

When my grandparents moved to Worms, grandfather insisted on having a Sukkah built. Our courtyard was big enough. A carpenter erected it and we children were eager to inaugurate and decorate it. We constructed a roof made of vines and foliage and decorated the interior with colored paper chains, nuts, grapes, apples, pears and rosehips. We watched with pride, when on Erev Sukkot the rabbi and various dignitaries of the congregation visited and offered the required blessings. The meals tasted twice as delicious. Finally all the fruits and sweets were taken down and distributed among the children.

We boys always had a close knit relationship with the Synagogue and congregation. We had a choir, which was led by an organist, the music teacher of my sister and me, Carl Heine. We became close friends, despite our age difference so I want to describe him briefly. He wrote his memoirs and published them. He was the son of a traveling comedy actor and showed a musical talent at an early age. As a child prodigy he wandered all over the place until he finally found a permanent home in Worms. He became the conductor of the orchestra choir and organist of the Synagogue, as well as teacher, composer and accompanist. Heine had a sweet and childish nature an optimist despite the trials and travails of life. Though of very modest means, he supported his family as well as his parents. His wife was sickly and a daughter was confined to a wheelchair. In later years he suffered the loss of his favorite daughter, a great singer and pianist, who was killed in a train accident in Munich. His son ended up in a mental institution, after causing him no end of sorrow, with numerous problems. Despite all that, he remained strong and upright as long as he had his music, his friends and his work. In old age he was felled by several strokes, which left him paralyzed until death released him. Heine had composed a large number of songs, concertos, works for the piano and I believe also an opera. Not much of his work has been published. There too fate cheated him. I am convinced that under different circumstances this gifted man would have achieved a certain popularity and recognition in Germany.

I, the young man, revered this tolerant Gentile who was without any prejudices, who regarded all men as equal, regardless of creed or background. It did sound curious though, when he

called out: "Mr. Leser, how come the "Sh'ma" sounds so weak?" He had no problem conducting the Hebrew choir.

Heine had an attractive and artistic appearance. He could also compose delightful verses. I still have a photo of him, with a small poem on the back. He was even able to draw some excellent caricatures. On Yom Kippur, while we prayed, sang or yawned, the organist was able to draw quick sketches of some of the congregants. ? Hoch was a tall and skinny man blessed with an exceptional big nose, an "Original" from the Juden Gasse. On Yom Kippur he stood from morning until night wrapped in a white garment, with a prayer shawl covering his head. The congregation used the old liturgy on several occasions. The voice of ? Could be heard loud and resounding through the entire Synagogue, while Heine sketched him. It was a delightful little picture.

In a different part of the Synagogue stood another "Original", Reb Loeb-Scheffel. He was a Torah scribe who gained some wealth from an inheritance of a son in America who had died young. In a community where people were still judged by their wealth, he occupied a certain standing. Scheffel had the title? , always wore a top hat and showed a certain jealousy towards our grandfather, who surpassed him in erudition. This did not prevent them from working together at ? One day a man from Jerusalem came to the? who supposedly only spoke Hebrew. I believe only Reb Scheffel could communicate with him. This man who came from the Holy Land wanted to know the best way to travel to Mannheim. He received the classical reply: "Wajelach (?) the railroad to Ludwigshafen, Wajelach the road to Mannheim." During High Holiday services he always had laid telegram from another son in America next to his "Machsor on his prayer desk just to show how he was being honored.

I was not yet 10 years old when the war of 1870 broke out, which left a life long impression on us children. I don't remember whether it was one or two years later, that I gave voice to this historic event in childish verse. As far as I remember it started like this:

*In the blue sky above,
The sun shines warm
The birds sing lustily, flying high into the sky.
When we bring home the sheaves
And the cuckoo calls from the forest
Those are the most beautiful times.
When nature is at peace
Then evil disappears and goodness reigns
Suddenly news came about a war..." etc.etc.*

I was extremely proud of my accomplishment and copied it into the album of a classmate, convinced that some day I would be regarded as a great poet. I am writing down this verse, to show how a childish mind was influenced by patriotic fervor.

We boys went to the railway station to hand out refreshments to the departing soldiers, disappointed that we could not join them. Then the first casualties and the first prisoners of war arrived. The wounded were carried on stretchers to the hurriedly erected field hospital. Everybody was ready and prepared to help. We were especially proud of Uncle Leo, the physician, whose services were called upon. Instead of jubilation, those pale faces (of the wounded) aroused deep pity. Even the prisoners, Turks as well as regular troops who arrived under heavy guard aroused our sympathy. Most of all, our knowledge of the French language was enriched by a few words. The one sentence we called out to the prisoners was: "Monsieur donnez moi si'l vous plait un ?" We boys had acquired a new hobby apart from stamps, collecting buttons of the French army uniform with their engraved numbers. Those shiny objects were turned into a desirable souvenir. The French soldiers gave into our pleading with extremely good nature. When news came of the first victory, the whole city broke out in jubilation. I remember that as a little boy, we paraded with flares and stopped in front of the house of a rich and patriotic factory owner, Baron von Heil, who was considered to become a representative of the "New Germany." The parade stopped and sang: "The Watch on the Rhine" Then came the final battle and peace. In Germany and my hometown in particular, September 2nd was celebrated as a national holiday for many years. The night before, we went into the forest and built a bon fire. Together we sang with great enthusiasm: "Flames rise up with blazing luster. ..." All around us bon fires were lit to celebrate the victory. The next day young and old gathered on the large meadow, bordering the Rhine River for a huge celebration. At school a special celebration took place, where the headmaster Becker gave a festive address, which surpassed his intellectual abilities. He spoke about German patriotism and achievement. At that time already, a certain amount of skepticism and reaction could be felt against the exaggerated Nationalism. My father was a Democrat and of the same opinion voiced by the "Frankfurter Zeitung" which at that time was far more radical than today.

We had a neighbor, Franz Kraft, who, though he lacked any ability or education in that field, wanted to play a part in politics. Two newspapers were in circulation in Worms, the local paper and the "Wormser Zeitung" as well as another tract, edited by an old 48ter, a Mr. Bonnier (?) with a somewhat more liberal viewpoint, than the one espoused by the "Wormser Zeitung" which was more geared toward nationalism. In opposition to those papers a former editor of the "Wormser Zeitung" published a new one, called "The New Wormser." Mr. Schaeffer was without any financial means and Franz Kraft was the one, who financed his effort. Since he did not possess unlimited funds either, he approached my father, who was seduced into investing a considerable sum of money. As we found out later, he used this friendship (with my father) as a source of further financial aid.

To begin with, a close friendship existed between our families. Since Kraft was involved with the newspaper and a Democrat, he became influential in city politics and was nominated to the city council. We youngsters got to know the inner workings of journalism at an early age and began to write articles ourselves, which thanks to our connections were eventually published; political opinions, poems and even theater reviews.

I represented the democratic point of view. It so happened that I wrote an impassioned lead article about the commemoration (of the war?) starting with the words: "I do not consider it appropriate to honor the dead, by parading joyously through the city."

Our journalistic endeavors also brought us into contact with the theater. Kraft loved the arts and considered himself an able critic. Since he was unable to write a decent review, he asked us to do it. The articles appeared in the paper under the name: "F.J.K"-Franz Josef Kraft. We reviewed everything: Operettas, Theater, Dramas, and even an Opera. Of course we got free tickets to all performances. The performers in Worms were of the old school. The restaurant "Wilder Mann" had a large auditorium where the various shows were performed. I remember a group called "Rabvo." One day they attempted a performance of "*Freischuetz*," a daring feat considering their abilities. Rabvo sang the part of Kilian. His voice managed to reach a neither a high nor a low octave. He gestures were droll and we could not figure out whether he meant to point up or down with his finger. Our review was quite mild. "Even if the effect was missing, the will was to be admired."

As far as we could appreciate them, we boys loved operettas. In our estimation they were performed with understanding and by comparatively good singers. It was the first time, we heard "Mamselle Margot" (?) in "Fledermaus." I remember that my brother Daniel wrote a review, even though he knew nothing about music. But he had studied "Lessing" diligently and wrote his critique with gusto. "Oh Joyous Youth." All this was read and had a certain influence on the readers of the paper. Thinking back I am astonished at our youthful audacity with which we judged and solved all the problems of politics and art.

In the New Year, I once again published a political poem. I remember it started out with:

"Why do you stand there, and hesitate to lower your rifles.

Why do you mourn and lament without end

That there is no end to servitude and cowardice?

That all opposition is in vain?

Rise up"etc.

A call to action in the defense of Democracy! This too showed the incredible audacity, of youth. Only the lack of judgment with which the public read the paper in those days can be offered as an excuse.

My mental abilities were not stymied by these efforts; on the contrary they only grew. I acquired a certain polish and style and quick comprehension. The disadvantage: Using too many clichés in searching for effect and arrogance not compatible with my age.

Of course all this only had to do with my journalistic scribbling. Dr. Becker saw to it, that we did not exceed our status as school boys and put our studies in Latin and Greek ahead of other activities. Our headmaster saw to it, that we became so proficient in those skills, that to this day I can still recite passages of "Antigone". Becker was not aware of our journalistic exploits. Had he known, we would have been in big trouble. Since he was an ardent Nationalist, he was strongly opposed to that newspaper. Rumors

circulated of course, that we boys had a connection with the paper, but we were protected by our anonymity, such as the signature I mentioned: "J.F.K."

It became evident that he was unable to write an article by himself, when he ran for the city council and was attacked in a pamphlet. He had to come up with a reply and asked us for help. Of course we complied. Our handiwork appeared as leaflets and circulated among the population. Thus we entered the political arena at an early age. As with religious training, early impressions left their mark. Our belief was formed by the opinions and life style of our home. I maintained my liberal political views throughout my life, but without any personal ambition in that field.

The newspaper was constantly in need of financial aid. A retired banker, Mr. Fuchs from Heilbronn who was part-owner came to the rescue. He was highly intelligent, a gifted writer and savvy politician. The pleasant personal connections remained under his leadership. Eventually he had to sell his share in the paper, having invested a large part of his personal wealth and he returned to Heilbronn. There he became the director of the "Heilbronner Gewerbebank." During the gold rush, he lost not only his personal wealth but a lot of the holdings of his clients. He was sentenced to a lengthy prison term for fraudulent dealings. The newspaper in Worms continued to be published under different ownership and with a different name and tendency. In my time the paper stood in endless opposition to Baron von Heyl, who at that time was still a middle class citizen and represented Worms in the parliament. We youngsters wrote a mocking article about that nationalistic politician and felt deeply honored when von Heyl scornfully dismissed it. I don't know if he ever found out just who wrote it. Rumor had it, that Schaefer the co-owner removed Fuchs from the paper and that Heyl helped him to immigrate to America. (?)

My inclination for journalism never left me. My high school years came to a sudden end. In my junior year, my father decided that my brother Daniel should go to university and I should enter the business world. Like many youngsters I was happy to escape the rigors and restraints of school and gain a certain freedom. I therefore agreed willingly. I saw the current commercial world, which was developing in Germany as a connection to the larger economic problems both in theory and practice. I took courses in Social Economy and private lessons in foreign languages. Then the young graduate had to find a job with a well established firm, where he could observe the Sabbath. This was accomplished with the help of Dr. Stein and I was accepted as an apprentice in the commercial bank of Veit A. Homburger. I traveled with my father to the home (in Baden) of my future employer, to meet with him and find a place to live.

This bank was probably the best known and well established financial institution in all of Baden. The founder was an elderly gentleman possessed of incredible diligence and scrupulous honesty, deeply religious. He had an equally imposing wife and a son who had been to university (now city councilor Fritz Homburger.) Both were authorized managers (notaries?) of the House of Veit A. Homburger. This title was not just an honorable one for the lady. She took an active part and intelligent part in her husband's business. .

The bank and apartment were located on the same premises, an old but practical and comfortable house. When we arrived in Karlsruhe, Father and I were invited for lunch.

It was an elegant and well ordered household. All kinds of delicacies were served. The senior chef never went without a Yarmulke. The honor of the prayer after the meal fell to me, the youngest person present. Fortunately I was able to recite the whole prayer by heart from beginning to the end. Then arrangements were made for my room and board in the home of the elderly mother of a bank employee. With a heavy heart I took a tearful leave of my father, feeling suddenly abandoned and lost. Eventually I overcame the separation, but continued to feel bouts of homesickness.

The youngest apprentice was now ready to start working. The bank was divided into three sections. The owner, his wife and son worked in a front room behind a grilled window. It also served as a reception area. The cash register under the management of a Mr. Ettlinger was located there. The next room was the domain of the bookkeeper and next to it an area for a secretary and apprentices. Apart from me, there was an older apprentice, the son of a doctor, who made sure that I was aware of his superior rank which precluded any form of closer acquaintanceship. His name was Theodore but I don't remember his last name. A messenger named Adam (?) a dignified gentleman treated us apprentices in a fatherly manner. If the work started to pile up, he helped out on the copy machine, stuffed and stamped envelopes and generally took over some of our tasks. I gained a lot of experience in those days and was able to learn the inner workings of a small but well managed financial institution. Now and then I was given the job of taking the account books to the State Bank and if necessary to write a letter. For the young high school graduate, who considered himself somewhat superior, these chores seemed beneath his abilities. The lack of mental stimulation caused me to continue my studies in economics, history and private lessons in foreign languages. I was aware that I had the opportunity to gain an insight into the inner working of such an establishment, by becoming an astute observer.

Meanwhile my brother David had entered the university at Heidelberg as a laws student. I was permitted to visit him now and then. During the summer I met a number of his fellow students, a jolly bunch, who looked down on the young bank employee with a certain amount of disdain. This aroused envy and feelings of missed opportunity in me. I too would have liked to study like my brother. When I mentioned this to him he told me to let my father know.

Suddenly we were confronted with a heavy loss in the family. My grandfather developed pneumonia, following a short illness and died. I still remember the grief I felt upon getting the news. For days I walked around in a daze and could not comprehend that I would never see his kindly countenance again. I went to Worms immediately to attend the funeral. A large group of mourners attested to the high regard in which the deceased was held.

When I returned to Karlsruhe, I wrote a long letter to my father, expressing my wishes for my future and begged him to let me come home to continue my studies towards matriculation. My brother supported such a move as well as my dear mother. My father acquiesced and wrote to Mr. Homburger about his decision who, though taken aback, made no difficulties and presented me with book on German history and one on the French revolution as a parting gift. I must not forget to mention that the youngest apprentice was also invited to the wedding of their only daughter to a Mr. Willstaetter. The bride was homely but very intelligent. Willstaetter a smart and elegant man entered

the bank as a partner. Together with his brother in law Fritz he became instrumental in modernizing it. At my time the Sabbath was strictly observed and no business transaction took place. Whether this continued under the new management, I don't know. The wedding was very opulent. The chief gave an excellent speech, which I still remember.

Shortly afterwards, I returned home. A lot had changed in my absence. Grandfather was dead and my brother had left for the university. I returned in time to enter the Prima (*last year of high school*) where I felt somewhat strange, sitting next to students, who had been a grade below me. During the ceremony in memory of the battle of Sedan, I was chosen by the teacher to recite a patriotic poem, as he was well aware of my gift in that area. I took great pride in my accomplishment.

I passed my matriculation exam and was ready for college. It has to be taken into account, that my brother was already studying jurisprudence. I met several very sympathetic gentlemen, who had chosen medicine and who loved their profession. I imagined that I too could achieve something extraordinary in that field and determined to study medicine and become a doctor. I entered the University of Heidelberg in the summer of 1878. Once again I was overcome by homesickness. I was not aware that these feelings emanated from a certain dissatisfaction and discomfort.

The young medical student still far from his goal to heal the sick had to acquire some serious disciplinary skills. I had to study chemistry, biology, anatomy, zoology, and ? I found chemistry, taught with a sense of humor by an eminent professor, very interesting. This famous man was incredibly modest. When he mentioned a certain invention of Kirchhoff (?) and himself; he said: "It was found..." Bunsen (?) a tall and massive man never took his cigar out of his mouth, even during lectures, though he did not actually smoke it. I can only picture him with his cigar. He stood in stark contrast to his best friend, a little man, with whom he walked daily, professor Kopp, the author of "The History of Chemistry." It was amusing to see the two walking side by side. I was less interested in the other subjects. It seems I had not inclination for them and found them boring and dull. In other words I was disillusioned. During lunch with friends who studied law, I heard that they were enthusiastic followers of Professor Becker, who managed to make the most boring lecture interesting. I also knew that a doctor friend of my brother and now mine, the present Dr. Freundlich in Düsseldorf, was enthusiastic about his chosen profession. I discussed my misgivings with him, doubting that I could overcome my dislike for anatomy. As a test, I was taken to the anatomy lab, and left shuddering. That settled the issue! I was still in my first semester and had nothing to loose. I could catch up on the study of law without causing difficulties for my family. This way the doctor became a lawyer, assured that this was my final decision.

The change was an easy one as unlike in medicine; the first semester was more geared towards general knowledge and further education. Emanuel Becker knew how to present the fundamental principle of Roman law to the young students with ingenuity and wit. During these lectures his pocket knife (?) played an important role. He used it to make certain observations, turning it over and over in his hand. Apart from Becker the young student heard lectures by? the historian and philosopher, who left a lasting impression, Kuno Fischer taught the history of Greek philosophy. An ugly man with a misshapen nose, he was known to stand in front of a mirror to practice the pose he would take

during his lectures. Fischer was the most enthusiastic teacher, the best orator whom I ever met. He gave his lectures without any manuscript or notes, clear and precise. He recited all quotations from memory, truly astounding. He understood and delved in the lyrical language of Goethe. During his lectures the auditorium was packed. It was customary in Heidelberg for the students either to applaud or to show their dissatisfaction by stamping loudly with their feet. If a student was late, disturbing the attention, he was greeted by a loud grunting noise, which caused him great embarrassment.

Bluntschli (?) who had reached an advanced age celebrated his jubilee at that time. The students took an active part in the celebration. My friend and colleague Ludwig Fuld the delivered the congratulations of the student body in the festive decorated auditorium. The speech was meant well, but too pretentious, in contrast to the modest manner with which Bluntschli expressed his thanks.

My social circle was the same as that of my brother, who had recently left Heidelberg. I have mentioned the medical student Freundlich once before. A friend of my brother, he welcomed me warmly. I boarded in the strictly kosher home of a Mrs. Mayer who lived on the main road leading down to the Neckar River. She served meals to Jewish students and it was there that we formed a certain fellowship. My demands were very simple. We loved and revered nature and explored the beautiful surroundings of Heidelberg which compensated for the pub crawling and drinking of the other student's. But we did enjoy going to outdoor restaurants, drink punch and sing our student songs loudly and with enthusiasm. Sometimes we got together in one of the old Heidelberg taverns over foaming steins of beer. Once in a while an elderly gentleman joined us, a Baron Reichlin-Meldegg, a docent in philosophy who held forth on any and all subjects. Due to hearing problems he was restricted in his teaching and only gave one course unpaid which some students audited just for fun. He held forth with: "Gentlemen, we humans are born with sense and intellect." Interruption from the audience: "One does not notice it." That is how the debates went back and forth, which did not upset our philosopher at all.

Some of the graduates from Worms were also studying in Heidelberg. Those were the Christians with whom I also had some contact. I remember one evening in particular, when the atmosphere was elevated by alcohol. We had drunk many glasses of the sweet May wine, and were singing and carousing until early morning. We finally made our way home over a bridge which no longer exists I was walking with a tipsy former school comrade from Worms. Suddenly my friend stopped and started to undress. He folded his clothes neatly by the side of the road. I stood there completely perplexed until I realized that in his drunken stupor he thought he was back in his room, ready to go to bed. It was an effort to get this drunkard home.

My spare time was taken up with reading. The students were able to join and to use the reading room in the Museum for a minimal fee. I spent many hours there as it was close to the University. (*Unable to read next sentence*) There I read that Germany was conquered and oppressed by the Jews, that the whole country was dominated by them and that Germans were their slaves! This pamphlet presented the upshot of the large anti-Semitic sentiment, which soon swept over Germany. It was torture for me to read this stuff. I became aware that our patriotic leanings as proud Germans did not prevent

the "good old anti-Semitism." Among the Student body it was generally believed that the persecution and hatred of the Jews went as far back as the destruction of the Temple and carried over into the nations where they resided. I wrote a long treatise in the visitor's book wherein I complained that pamphlets like that should be removed, or at least given to a Jewish paper for an equal the chance to reply. I don't know if it was of any use.

The summer semester was over. Happy and proud I returned to our cozy home, warmly welcomed by my parents and sister. My brother had come home also and once again we were united and rooted in our family tradition. I had to decide where to spend my second semester. At the suggestion of my brother I chose Berlin for my studies in 1878. This meant going far away from home. The vacation passed far too quickly and I had to start on the big trip. Ludwig Fuld, whom I had mentioned before, wanted to study in Berlin as well, which meant that we could travel together. I planned to travel from Frankfurt in third class. Once there, it was decided that we could travel in fourth class. We were to break up the trip with visit to the married sister (of Fuld). We boarded with our suitcases, which served as reasonable comfortable seats and the train gathered steam. We got off in? where we were warmly received in the home of the sister. At the suggestion of our hosts we stayed in somewhat primitive lodgings overnight in town. Next day we continued to Berlin. During the trip we enjoyed the provisions we had received, meeting people and seeing the countryside. Everything appeared new and strange to us. We had long conversations with the other passengers, who were amused by our dialect. The trip did not seem as long, as sometimes later in my life, when I boarded the express train to the same destination.

Once arrived, we gaped open mouthed. It was the first time I got a glimpse of a hustling and bustling major city. After wandering around for a while, we found 2 rooms for rent near the University. I took the smaller room and the larger one next to it was taken by Fuld and a friend of his from Karlsruhe, a medical student. Thus settled, I was able to register for various courses.

I had met a former classmate from the High school in Worms, originally from Groelheim (?) in the Palatine. His name was Ludwig Gross, now a county court judge and very musical. He would have liked to study music, but his parents insisted that he enter law school. Gross was a master at the piano and played several other instruments, Cello, Viola and Oboe. He also composed very pleasant pieces in my opinion. We soon became inseparable and I learned a great deal about music from him. I remember that once he set to music a sentimental poem of mine which started "*Snow flakes dance turbulently earthward, and thoughts are in turmoil with an aching heart. Where are you who pull me hither and yon...?*" a strange poem for a 19 year old student, probably inspired by homesickness and a certain melancholy. They already show a definite character trend. The composition was charming, very fitting for the text. While I sang, Gross accompanied me on the piano to general acclaim. At his suggestion I also became an active member of the Stern (?) choral group. The leader was the gifted painter Paul Meierheim (?) Max Bruch was the conductor. He tested our abilities and seemed pleased. He came from the Rhineland and was looking for fresh new voices for his choir. The rehearsals were held in the hotel Armin (?) "Unter den Linden." One was able to see and hear the musical celebrities of the city. At the end of the rehearsal, we

had the pleasure to perform some of those songs. The chance to participate in major concerts is indelibly edged in my mind. I had the rare pleasure to hear the great Wagnerian singer, Theodore? He sang the King's? By Heim, accompanied by the most famous Berlin music critic of his time, Hans Ehrlich (?) The power of this performance touched the entire audience. Another time we performed an Oratorio by that genius, Rubinstein, with him as conductor. Bruch rehearsed the oratorio but the performance was under the baton of Rubinstein. The enthusiasm of the master, who held his audience in thrall, was such that his baton flew from his hands into the auditorium. The reviews praised the performance and the choir highly,

One day I was asked to perform as an extra at the opera house together with Gross. One had to reply in writing to this request. We showed up promptly at the wardrobe department and together with many others were given the costume of an Italian fisherman and instructed what we were to do. We, who were used to the illusion of a performance viewed from the audience, were disappointed at the commotion behind the stage. It was a sobering experience and we were glad when it was over. But we enjoyed many performances as spectators. As students we were able to buy tickets at a much reduced price. I saw a first class French tragedy at the Royal Theater, "The Last Days of Pompeii." a spectacular performance. I was able to see and hear many wonderful plays and operas. In the concert hall in Friedrich Strasse, I met the good old bourgeoisie of Berlin, who were not yet attuned to more modern entertainment. It also served as a potential "marriage market" where social contacts were made.

The National Art Gallery and several Museums were very close to the University and attracted many of us students. Between lectures we often visited the Parliament which also served as a place to keep warm during the cold winter months. Sitting in the gallery, I heard great classical orators and delegates from Prussia and other parts of Germany. I had the opportunity to listen to historical debates, which impressed and roused me. I seem to remember discussions concerning Jews. I particularly hated Stoecker. But it was with great pleasure that I listened to the delegates Heimel (?) Ludwig (?) and Richter, who advocated for equal rights for Jews. I was pained, that nobody in the government spoke up in for us. The anti-Semitic sentiment in the year 1878 was led by that court preacher Stoecker and other dubious elements. Stoecker spoke at public rallies, where fanatical elopements in the audience applauded his ideas. I was sorely tempted to speak out in opposition at such a meeting, until I saw the fate of an acquaintance who had dared to do so. He was shouted down and mishandled by the crowd. Instead I made myself heard in the academic circles at the University.

Despite all the pleasures and entertainments that this world city offered, I did not neglect my studies. In the lecture hall I sat next to a Mr. von Hausemann (?) It was not customary to introduce oneself. I learned his name by accident. One day my neighbor pointed to Semitic looking students and observed: "It is incredible, one is surrounded by Jews every where". Me: "And one of them sits right next to you." An embarrassed apology followed. Since seats were changed constantly, Mr. von Hausemann was spared the indignity of sitting next to a Jew again.

I studied National Economy with Adolf Wagner, whose lectures were dry and abstract. There were a number of well known docents, one of whom spoke in such low tones it was difficult to hear... Dreitschke (?) inflamed his listeners with patriotic enthusiasm,

but did not make such an impression on me. Despite that fact that he had good friends among the Jews, he showed a hostile attitude towards them.

Among my acquaintances was a young author, Mr. Berendt, who was very shy. One day he asked me, if I would read a literary essay he had written to Dreitschke and ask him whether it could be included the yearbook. Fuld and I went to Dreitschke, who greeted us most cordially. He rejected the essay as unsuitable for the magazine. Since he was almost deaf, communication took place by writing down one's request on a piece of paper.

One day I went with Fuld to visit the prison in Moabit. As law students we were allowed in. It was the day when visitors of prisoners were also admitted. I still see a weeping woman in front of me, dressed in black, who came to visit her son. A young man sat in his cell, working and ignoring us, who were brought in to observe him. In a courtyard prisoners were taken for a walk, strictly separated from each other. The church was divided in such a manner that the men could only see the altar, not each other. However lively communication was made possible by knocking on walls in a sort of code.

I had kept my journalistic connection with the *Neue Zeitung* in Worms by sending reports in form of a letter from Berlin; of course without remuneration. Fuld joined me in this endeavor. My only reward was a free copy of the paper and a personal introduction to Eugen Richter. One day armed with the introductory letter, I went to visit the bachelor quarters of this famous politician. He lived far out at the end of Friedrich Strasse. I found Richter buried under heaps of papers, books and magazines. The short meeting disappointed me. I had hoped to express my enthusiasm and talk to this well known free-thinking Parliamentarian. Instead all I was able to utter were a few self conscious sentences. Richter explained just what was required to gain entrance into the field of journalism. Since it was not my aim to follow that profession, his advice was useless. Despite the unsatisfactory encounter, I was proud to have met this prominent politician and to converse with him personally. Sometimes I glimpsed the aged Emperor at the historic (?) corner window which was visible from the University.

My sister Ida celebrated her 15th or 16th birthday in November '78. Far from home, I sent her a cookbook as a present inscribed with a poetic dedication. I think she still has it in her possession to this day. '78/79 turned out to be a very harsh winter. I seem to remember that the Rhine River was frozen over. Berlin was in the grip of a barbaric cold. The younger generation survived even without skiing or sledding but ice skating was a major attraction. Berlin turned its parks and open-air taverns into skating rinks, one very close to where I lived. The city offered its young people plenty of opportunity to enjoy life in so many different ways, that we became quite blasé. But by and large we did not neglect our obligations. Given all those many impressions and opportunities advanced the education and development of the young mind.

Of course we observed strictly kosher laws in Berlin. The restaurant where I took most of my meals was not first lass. Polish co-religionist and many Jews from Galicia frequented the place. I sometimes got the impression that some of the patrons were smugglers. Fuld and Mannsbach (?) had taken me there, but we were glad that after a

while we were introduced by an acquaintance to a decent Jewish widow, not far from where we lived, and where were able to get our meals.

The winter semester was over and I returned home, again on the train fourth class together with Fuld and Gross and some other acquaintances. Once again I could enjoy the Easter vacation with my family, siblings and old friends.

The third semester took place in Leipzig. A school friend who matriculated from the gymnasium in '79, Joseph Seppel Cahn, joined me. He is the brother of professor Arnold Cahn, now a doctor in Strasburg. Seppel was the son of affluent parents, therefore we traveled in third class. In Nuernberger Strasse in the Leipzig we found the perfect lodgings consisting of a living-bedroom combination. During that semester we became nearly inseparable. Our ways parted only during mealtimes. I ate in a Jewish restaurant recommended by my brother and frequented by a number of Russian Jews in the fur trade, especially during the time of the trade fair. One could observe the most beautiful Christ like (?) types. At that time I got cured of the notion that all Russian and Polish Jews were "Schnorrs" (*Beggars*). I observed how much wealth, work and intelligence our European co-religionists possessed. Of course wealth and education can take different forms. A Russian Jew, a Mr. Herrmann ate with us. This gentleman wore a huge diamond on his finger, yet his hands were always dirty.

I expected to find a large beautiful Synagogue in such a big city with a first class orator as Rabbi. What I did find was quite different; an insignificant building with a rather small congregation participating in the services. The Rabbi, a Dr. Goldschmidt, I believe, was far from charismatic and his sermons were dry and dull. How I missed the brilliant pulpit orations, which I heard as an apprentice in Karlsruhe by Rabbi Dr. Schwarz.

Of course Leipzig did not offer the same literary and artistic opportunities as Berlin. Still it left some lasting impressions on me. Most of all the theater. Angelo Neumann was the director of the opera. ? Choirmaster had recently changed from actress to singer and was considered the foremost interpreter of Wagner arias in Germany. The husband and wife team Vogl (?) came from Munich and I heard a number of first class Wagner operas. I will never forget a performance by Adolf Klein in "Faust" at the theater. On the lighter side Marie Geislinger triumphed in operettas in the old theater. I recall with pleasure several performances. I also had the opportunity to listen to Symphonies conducted by Buelow as well as his piano recitals. Leipzig fostered a lively student movement. There was an academic social-economic group, which I attended now and then. Eugen Kallmann, who became a good friend, was one of the leading brains and a radical Socialist. One day the founder of the civilian unions Max Hirsch gave a lecture, Kallmann countered with arguments in the harshest manner. The leader was Max Wirth, also with radical liberal and socialist views. Shortly afterwards he played a leading role in an anti-Semitic movement and became an enthusiastic follower of the "Fourth Dimension" a connection to the "Wagner society". I always kept my distance from all those groups.

The opportunity arose, to lend support and organize the Jewish Student Union. I took an active part in this endeavor and met a number of students with whom I became good friends. But in later years we lost touch "Out of sight, out of mind." There I met Held,

the son of the owner of a bank in Nuremberg, who became a lawyer and minister of justice, Felix Bondi, now an attorney in Dresden, the lawyer for Mrs. Torselli (?) in her divorce proceedings. Then there were two cousins, both from Leipzig. One, Epstein was a Naturalist, the other Fraenkel a Jurist. The latter was a born orator. He became a journalist and party secretary. Due to his oratorical gift, he was a person of some note in academic student circles. Personally I preferred Epstein, with whom I became quite close. The old Socialist leader Liebknecht, was as a tutor and also friend in their home. Epstein himself was an idealist. I always regret that we lost touch with each other. Leipzig as such is not a very interesting city. But I remember a trip in the surrounding area. On a beautiful summer evening, we took a trip into the surrounding area and suddenly found ourselves in a kind of primeval forest, with trees lining both sides of a small river. A group of children approached on the opposite bank, members of a choir on their way home. We exchanged cheerful greetings. In the encroaching darkness under the shadows of the trees shimmering upon the water, everything appeared like a beautiful dream. That evening is engraved on my mind forever.

For a budding Jurist, Leipzig was the place to study. I listened to prosecution cases by Binding (?) civil law taught by Wach and German Justice by Stobler (?) Binding and Kuno Fischer, the professor of German were able to captivate and inspire the entire student body with their powerful personalities and eloquence. I studied prosecution cases and read "Carolina" (?) the law enactment of the Middle Ages. It was inspiring to hear Binding lecture and explain the significance of that subject. The auditorium was filled to the last seat during his lecture and we were sorry when the bell announced the end of the class.. Wach (?) too was a gifted speaker. But he lacked the quality of Binding. I always had the impression that he was talking to a qualified lawyer rather than to a student, who still needed to have the subject analyzed. One was amazed by his knowledge, but unable to follow his ideas. Consequently one was overcome by a sort of intellectual fatigue. Stobbe's (?) lectures were robust and simple. The talks by ? the father of the classic National Economy, while interesting were interrupted by his constantly clearing his throat, obviously a chronic condition of the old gentleman.

I mentioned before, that I attended lectures given professor Zoellner about the "Fourth Dimension." This subject attracted a large number of students, given the current conditions in Leipzig. Zoellner was an astrophysicist, supposedly one of the most famous. About a year before I came to Leipzig, a Mr. (?) came from America. By demonstrating some weird experiments, he managed to completely befuddle the "brilliant" minds of the professors. With the aid of a ? he demonstrated an experiment.

The invited professors, who were considered totally reliable and without any connection to the American were asked to choose a book. On some of the pages certain words were underlined. The entire process was overseen by an neutral party. Then the book was sealed shut and put into a box which was then placed into a cupboard. His experiment would show that apart from the three known dimensions , Length, Breadth, and Thickness, there existed a fourth dimension, not known to us. If this idea was correct, then we should be able to be in a position to look past three dimension and to be able to read the underlined words. ? declared himself able to undertake this task with the help of a Medium. He astonished the assembled group, when the Medium read the correct words and passages (of the sealed book.) Several of the professors gave up their

previous doubts. The famous surgeon ? Zoellner and several others became adherents of the 4th dimension idea for a while. Zoellner the most convinced adherent delved deeply into this phenomena. Nobody else was bold enough to give a lecture on the subject. Zoellner also wrote a number of books about it. He was an anti-Semite. This mental aberration came to him via the forth dimension. Supposedly his Harmonium suddenly played the melody to the words: ' Throw him out, the Jew Itzig' without anybody sitting and playing it. I have to admit that Zoellner answered all questions posed him with brilliant wit. Since I found out that there are mono-maniacs where the affected person seems clear and sensible, I began to understand many of Zoellner's ideas. At the time I heard that Zoellner attributed all those miracles, dreams and telepathic phenomena to the fourth dimension.

I studied judicial medicine with Beklam (?) a stout "bon vivant." The lectures consisted mostly of anecdotes and jokes. I forgot to mention that now and then we visited the nearby beer cellars. There we got to appreciate a strange drink called? In my opinion a horrible brew. The locals downed it with great relish.

The summer semester was over and we returned home. I felt that I had learned something and widened my horizon. I wanted to finish my last 3 semesters of judicial studies in Giessen. My brother had been there and passed his final exams with great success. It was also an advantage to attend a small university after Heidelberg, Berlin and Leipzig. The student comes in much closer contact with his professors and achieves some practical knowledge. The main idea was to get to know the professors who gave the final exams. The trip from Worms to Giessen which I made frequently was not long. Through my brother's introduction, I quickly became familiar with Giessen. He belonged to a circle of students from Mainz and was a close friend of Caspar Klein, now a Minister of Justice in Worms and the recently deceased Ferdinand Boerkel. Those three studied for the final exams together and became close friends. A brother of Boerkel, who was in the same semester as I came to Giessen also to finish his studies It was natural that we too would follow in our brother's foot steps and soon became well acquainted. Even though were of a very different disposition our friendship continued until the untimely death of Franz Boerkel, who had taken part in an experimental treatment in a sanatorium in Arosa. Boerkel was genetically afflicted with Tuberculosis. During his student years, he appeared to be strong and healthy, full of life and vigor. He was the center of every gathering, given his personality, oratory skills and bubbly personality. By contrast, I was quiet and introverted, with a more contemplative nature; though in those days of my youth I possessed a certain amount of youthful joy and spirit. But we got along very well and soon became inseparable. We took the same courses with the same professors. We started with the chancellor of the university, the oldest member of the faculty, professor Wasserleben (?) We introduced ourselves. "My name is Boerkel", "Are you the brother of Mr. Boerkel who graduated last year?" "Yes, Sir." "My name is Loeb"... "Are you the brother of Mr. Loeb, who graduated last year?" "Yes Professor." "So you two must be brothers also." Boerkel insisted later on that I replied obsequiously with a loud "Yes".

Then we studied with Franz Erhard von Liszt. He had recently advanced from docent in Graz to professor in Giessen. He looked very young still. I repeated my performance and introduced myself with: "My name is..." "Your name is Loeb and you are the

brother of Loeb, who took his exams last year." I was dumbfounded. "Your voice and manner of speech are so similar that I would have recognized you anywhere," Liszt replied. This little episode just shows the memory skill and astuteness of this famous jurist. During my 1 ½ years of study I took courses with Kretzmar (?) Gareis (?) Lothar Seuffer (?) and ? Among all those jurists, Liszt was the most inspirational. Together with some friends, I took part in a discussion on the "laws of neglect" (?) (*rest of sentence cannot be read.*) Every two weeks this course had different participants. Liszt held it in his home and announced that once finished, we would be his guests at a simple supper. Thus the atmosphere became one of familiarity and warmth. It elicited enthusiasm and loyalty from the students. Usually his young wife also joined us for the meal. She was a charming Austrian aristocrat. After our lecture on all those legal subjects Liszt changed the conversation and entertained his guests with interesting anecdotes about his own life and experiences. This was at a time when liberalism was frowned upon by the Austrian government. Students met in the reading rooms of the library where they gave voice to their liberal ideals. This prompted the government to shut them down. The proceeds were turned over to the state. In order to forestall any such future attempts, it was decided to turn over the funds to Mr. von Liszt, the representative of the group should the occasion arise again. As a result of student protest and demonstrations, the government decided to dissolve all academic societies. The minister of culture called the young docent Liszt from Graz and announced that loyalty was expected from him, that he should not take part in demonstrations demanding a new Democracy in government. Liszt replied "Your Excellency, surely you do not want me to become a traitor of my students. You can never expect that of me. "In that case you cannot gain further employment in Austria." The minister told him. Liszt had been determined to become a lawyer in Vienna or Graz. Then a letter arrived from Giessen, which assured his academic career. Today he is considered one of the most eminent experts on criminal law at the University in Berlin. But he never lost the belief in freedom and liberalism. Despite his relaxed relationship with his students, he was feared as an examiner. The students were aware that they could not get away with anything. They soon realized that he could not be manipulated and that lack of preparedness had its consequences. One day the conversation turned to the use of illegal actions during an exam. One student said half jokingly, that in order to receive a good grade he had brought along some notes, which he had taken previously. The result was that during the next test the students were not permitted to bring along any piece of paper whatsoever. The entire faculty approved this edict.

When it was my turn to pass the exam, I was not tested by List, as he had taken a position at another University, shortly before. In his place I was called before the criminal judge Kries (?) As a representative of the trade commission, he was incredibly diligent and rather fearsome. He was also active in politics, a member of the Nationalist Party, representing Giessen for several years. Rumor had it, that during recess he wrote pamphlets on trade laws for the government. After traveling all night from Berlin to Giessen, he was able to give his usual lecture in the morning. A Bavarian by birth, his penchant for drink was also well known. He spoke with a strong Bavarian accent. A complete contrast was Lothar Seuffert, also a Bavarian, with whom I studied litigation law. Seuffert was on the advisory commission of the Ministry of Justice during the seventies. It was rumored that thanks to his outstanding service he was offered the post

of Secretary of State with the Ministry of Justice. However he refused, believing that he was not qualified for such a position. Indeed I never heard a professor who lacked the gift of speech to such an extent. He hesitated at every word, fighting to express himself. But what he said was perfect. The depth of his analysis made up for the difficulty of expressing himself. He was a source of inspiration on judicial thought. During my student years Seuffert was a dean at the University. One day he invited a number of students to his home. I was proud to be one of them. Also invited was a law student named Nagel, now district administrator in Darmstadt. During dinner he told us, that he owned a pipe, which gave forth the fragrance of woodruff when smoked. "I want to tell you something, dear fellow" Seuffert said; "Take your pipe, put it into a bowl filled with punch, but for goodness sake, don't invite me!" The general laughter that followed proved how deficient in humor this story appeared. Seuffert took a liking to me. I still have papers where he wrote favorable comments and critiques. Of course my parents were pleased by the praises of this eminent professor.

The course given by? about Church and State Law was extremely boring. He read from prepared texts and gave the same lecture every semester. I had the notebook of my brother and was able to copy most of the pertinent information.

Since time immemorial the course on church law began with: "In ancient times there existed an ecclesiastic church" etc. He had the habit while lecturing about ? to throw his papers around. (*rest of sentence cannot be read*) As a main topic he chose the so-called pseudo declarations, viz. the forged documents, which partially explained the power of the Popes in the church. ? had written some scholarly treatises on this subject. He was certain that he achieved significant results. He relished using this subject in his exams. I had the pleasure to be tested by him in this special field. I was able to recite my answers by heart. Satisfied he released me from further questions. He turned to my neighbor, now the freethinking delegate Reh, and continued with his questions. This student was not in the enviable position to recite the material word by word. He cited ideas, far removed from ? position. "Did you study this field on your own?" ? asked sarcastically and turned to the next candidate. (Unable to read next paragraph)

He read all this from a notebook which was so yellowed, that we realized that it had been in use for a very long time. Only at the very end a few pages were inserted from which we students were given scant information about current German constitutional laws. Yet W. was the representative of the university and member of the? Now and then Liszt scoffed at his old colleague's ideas.

A representative of the National Economy (?) was professor? a man with a long beard. He was an excellent skater with a pleasant demeanor. It was a surprise to hear him speak, since he had a rather high pitched voice. He gained some renown as a statistician and explored the effect that the power and taxation in Prussia had on the price of commodities. At that time there were spirited discussions about the tariff on provisions. Together with some friends I took part in a statistical exercise. Nothing much came out of these sessions which turned out to be a waste of time. The lectures of ? were rather boring, without many new ideas. They seemed downright naive at times. ? Believed that Socialism and its practical application could be initiated via a central accounting system covering the consumption of commodities. In the event of war, the enemy would strive to gain control, thereby destroying the economy of the country. ? too read from a

notebook which contained few new ideas. I still had the papers of my brother so never bothered to write anything down. One day the professor addressed me in class with: "Mr. Loeb, you are about to learn something new, which you will not find in the exercise book of your brother. You will have to write it down yourself."

It was an advantage that the Jurists came into personal contact with the docents. On the one hand the academic freedom suffered somewhat, but on the other hand there was plenty of scholarly stimulation and one was able to come to an independent conclusion. During the last 3 semesters one became aware that after a time of having searched for and found general inspiration one had to achieve a certain goal, which was to pass the first judicial exam as well as possible. One studied with more intensity and concentration. Friends got together to master the material, discuss and dissect it.

I too prepared myself together with a friend from Worms. Theodor Schmitt. In Worms we hardly had any contact. Schmitt and his brother now the second Mayor of Mainz, were generally considered to be anti-Semitic. I met them again in Giessen among a circle of friends about which I will write more. We became quite close, much more so than in Worms.

The meeting place in Giessen for our group was the Café Leib. We became known as "Leibianer" Sharing food and drink; we formed a close personal bond. Originally there were mostly students from Mainz, friends of my brother who had banded together. During my time a number of "non-Mainzers" had joined in. I sometimes had the feeling that I belonged to a real student fraternity. I can't mention all the names who were part of that circle during my time in Giessen. I will only write about a few with whom I was quite close. There was Emil Goettelmann, now the Lord Mayor of Mainz. We both came from Worms, where Goettelmann had attended the Gymnasium for a year, before moving to Mainz, where his father had been transferred. We had met in Leipzig where we got together now and then, but became much closer in Giessen. Goettelmann was also a friend of Franz Boerke. He used to preside with aplomb over official get-togethers of the "Leibianer" helped by an excellent wine. The senior member of our group was Karl Heim, also from Worms. He later became a professor of Electrotechnique and Physics at the Polytechnic in Hanover. He was the brother of another friend of mine, Heinz Heim a painter who died young. Heim was a highly gifted musician. He managed to organize a first class quartet which performed wonderful student music and songs. All those with a voice had to participate. I often sang a song or two together with Goettelmann. I specially remember what a strong impression I left with my rendition of "The ugly Einrichtung (arrangement?)" Hugo Ganz had added a few verses which we rendered after passing our exams, as a farewell address.

"This is in life...No sooner has the first rung been conquered, we have to part..."

All the melancholy sentiments felt by students at the end of this episode in their lives were expressed in these songs. Hugo Ganz, whom I mentioned, became a renowned journalist with the "Frankfurter Zeitung." Our official get-together in the tavern did not take place on a regular basis. A "tavern paper" was being published. For some unknown reason the editor ...? We had a second editor, my friend Ernst Neeb, now a professor of fine art at the Gymnasium in Mainz. The whole group contributed to this effort, which often had to be edited and made readable. There were pieces which I found to have

lasting value. Parts of these contributions were later bound and rendered in book form, with illustrations by the late Heinz Heim and Erich Jung, now a law professor. Our "senior" Karl Heim was given the task of keeping and preserving it. He may still have it in his possession. One day I received a contribution of songs by the late August Hof together with a letter: (in rhyme) "My Dear Loeb, I am sending what you asked for. Here are two songs, samples without value. They are not very poetic..."

We usually started with a political article in which we made fun of friends. One was Lanz, a rising member in the German National Government, who wrote nice poetry and gave many speeches. He had given a talk on Theodor Koerner to our group, which in its exuberance did not fit in. This gave me an opportunity to reply with a poem in the next issue of our paper.

(Unable to translate) I can still recall it, after all this time. It would be worth while to inform professor Heim in Hanover, and send him a copy of the enclosed "tavern papers."

A member of our group was Otto Jung. He came to us directly from the Gymnasium in Mainz, a fresh, charming and sympathetic young man. We became quite close. He was also a friend of Franz Boerker. With Jung and Boerker, I had many discussions about the "Jewish problem", which was acutely present in North German Universities. In Giessen the I question was more theoretical. Jung was under the influence of his family whose ideas were represented by the "League of German Students." I was distressed by his attitude, given my high regard of him and tried with all my power of persuasion to change his mind. Apparently I was successful. I was naïve enough to believe that our friendship would be kept intact forever. Later on Jung, now the director of the? In Mainz, became active in anti-Semitic circles. Another illusion was destroyed, when our friendship dissolved, given the chasm between "Arians and Jews."

In our circle in Giessen, it was a matter of principle that there were no Jews or Christians, just friends. For our new Christian comrades, special those who had just come from Worms, this was a revelation. I think they began to realize, how senseless it was, to judge people by their religious affiliation. I was the only one who did not share meals with our group, but ate in the kosher restaurant Rothenberger in Giessen. Immediately afterwards I joined them again at Café Leib, where they were playing cards. As far as I can remember my absence during mealtimes, was never questioned. The other Jewish students, Ganz, Carlebach, Lichter, Sichel and Burg ate with the rest. Among those were a number, who later denounced their Jewish faith. Otto Ring was one of my closest friends, who came to Giessen during the first semester. He was a wonderful and charming young man, an only son. He played the violin and did everything to foster our friendship. We remained close until Ring, in order to marry had himself baptized.

I will skip forward a few years. One day Otto Ring came to me looking very pale and said: "I have just taken the most difficult step in my entire life." When questioned, he replied that he was seeking employment at the local government in Darmstadt. The head of the Justice department told him: "If you do not convert to Christianity you have no chance to become a Notary" It seemed to him that he had no other choice. He was engaged and saw no other to offer his fiancée a decent existence. This example shows

with what a despicable manner the Jews in Hessen were treated and urged to leave their faith. Later on Ring was called as a witness in a legal action where it was ascertained that it was against the law to discriminate against anybody on account of his religious persuasion, Mr. Dittmar (?) refused his testimony.

Other Jewish members of our circle were two brothers, from Mainz, Theodore and Joseph ?, one a lawyer here, the other a doctor in Karlsruhe. Both were rather effeminate, and over effusive in exaggerated politeness for which they were ridiculed.

I am glad that I do not have anything to reproach myself for on that score. It was told, that at the beginning of his law practice, a man came one day, asking to start divorce proceedings again his wife. ? agreed, then guided the client to the door, bowing and scraping then called after him: "Please give my best regards to your wife." ? was a constant source of derision due to his obsequious behavior. I was somewhat embarrassed by all this, as ? was a Jew, though not a practicing one. All my Jewish acquaintances in Giessen were rather estranged from their background. One had the feeling that they felt shackled by their faith which they would eventually throw off. I already mentioned that a number of them were baptized. It was odd to observe this change.

Ganz was a highly regarded historian, headmaster of the Gymnasium in Giessen as well a professor at the University. After he had passed his exams, he converted to Christianity. Sometime later he was involved in a scandalous affair in Giessen, which caused him to leave the Hessian educational system. He followed his heart and took the opportunity to move to Budapest, where he became a journalist. There he met his future wife, a Jewess. Since Ganz possessed definite Jewish traits and features, was born a Jew and regarded as such, there was nothing to stand in the way of an engagement. Upon entering into marriage, Ganz had to show proof of his birth and affiliation with the Jewish faith. At that time, no civil marriage was recognized in Hungary, Ganz turned to Rabbi Saalfeld in Mainz, asking him to show proof of his membership in the Jewish community there. Since Dr. Saalfeld was aware of his baptism, he declined at first. Ganz quickly decided to return to Judaism,

When I first got to Giessen I lived in the vicinity of the University. During my second semester, the mother of a friend, a Mrs. ? had moved to Giessen with her son who was studying Philology. She depended on renting out rooms. Mrs. H. was the widow of a teacher from the countryside. In Worms she had lived with my aunt Karoline. It was a given that I would rent of her two available rooms. Even though the house was some distance from the University, I had found very comfortable lodging. In my digs, I prepared myself together with the previously mentioned Theodore Schmitt for our upcoming exam. We sat smoking our pipes, studying and discussing late into the night. Then the books were closed. We were young and exuberant enough to join the gathering in the tavern. I vividly recall one particular evening, where our studies were mostly "liquid". We drank Ale, a heavy special beer which had a tremendous effect on the students. We only arrived after midnight at the table of our comrades. The activities and noise level sounded like a lunatic asylum to us, who were sober. However this sensation of alienation soon vanished. After a few glasses of beer we adapted to our surroundings. I often think about the effect of alcohol on one's psyche.

Of course those three semesters brought about a constant change. I was particularly affected by the departure of Mr. Liszt who moved to Marburg shortly before the exam. On the whole though, the faculty stayed the same. New faces appeared every semester among the students, while old ones left. They were given a rousing departure. Suddenly the third year came to an end and one had prepared for the exam. I was very nervous and exhausted and imagined all kinds of illnesses. I had no notion what caused all this discomfort. The company of the people who ate at the same Jewish restaurant, proved to be very beneficial. There was an elderly gentleman, in his late thirties, married, a Romanian. He had several children and was a watchmaker. He lost all his possessions during one of the frequent pogroms in Romania. He moved to Germany and decided to study medicine. Without any prior classical education he solved an anatomical medical problem. He had come to Giessen to pass his matriculation and continue with his medical studies. This genial and intelligent man was encouraged in every respect by Professor Schiller, the director of the Gymnasium and passed his matriculation exam. My contact with this medical student was most beneficial, as he understood my quirks.

The farewell party was celebrated with lots of speeches and drink. The excess of the latter did not have any effect at first. However eventually it produced a physical as well as a moral hangover. As a reward I was invited to go to Darmstadt for a few days, where Uncle Leo lived and practiced medicine and my brother Daniel was an assistant in the Justice department. Uncle Leo determined that my stomach was in a deplorable state. But under his ministrations it soon improved. Uncle Leo's home was most hospitable and my brother and I were always welcome. Aunt Emilie was a youthful, charming and gracious lady, popular due to her charm and even temperament. The two children, Siegfried and Klara completed the family. At that time Uncle Leo was the busiest Jewish doctor in Darmstadt.

The few days there passed very quickly. In my search for a position in the judicial field I was asked to present myself in Worms as an assistant at the district court.

THE WEDDING OF MY NIECE LILI LOEB IN DARMSTADT.

(Poem)

(unable to translate poem into meaningful English.)

Jüdischer Landesverrat!

Juden sind Staatsfeinde

**Die jüdischen Brüder Sichel-Mainz
schädigen das Deutsche Reich um viele Millionen
durch Devisenschmuggel**

Diese Aussprüche beweisen, daß der Jude schon in früheren Zeiten nie ein Staatsbürger gewesen ist, sondern stets ein Volks-schädling. Sein ganzes Dasein und Trachten ging darauf aus, die Allgemeinheit zu betrügen und nur sich selbst Vorteile zu verschaffen. Der Jude erkannte den von den Nichtjuden geschaffenen Staat nicht an. Seine Parole lautete: „Eigennutz geht vor Gemeinnutz!“ Sein Gott war nur das Geld. Andere Ideale kannte er nicht. Die Tugenden des deutschen Volkes waren ihm ein Greuel.

Jüdischer Haß

Und wie ist das heute? Heute ist Adolf Hitler der Führer des Neuen Deutschen Reiches. Der Nationalsozialismus ist zur Weltanschauung eines ganzen Volkes geworden. Der Staat wird geleitet nach den Richtlinien einer antijüdisch eingestellten Regierung. Ein antijüdischer Staat aber ist für den Juden das, was für den Esier das rote Tuch ist. Und darum haßt er diesen Staat, wie nur ein Teufel zu haßen vermag. Tag und Nacht grübelt der Jude darüber nach, wie er diesen Staat vernichten und auslöschen kann. Durch Rassenhände ohne Ende sucht er das Blut des deutschen Volkes zu vergiften. Durch eine wahrstimmige Greuelhege will er die ganze Welt gegen Deutschland aufwiegeln. Durch ungeheuerliche Devenschiebungen sucht er die Wirtschaft des deutschen Volkes zu vernichten.

Warum ist Devenschiebung ein Verbrechen?

Ueber jüdische Devenschiebungen ist schon viel geschrieben worden. Die tägliche Erfahrung lehrt aber, daß ein Teil des deutschen Volkes das Verbrechen, das die Devenschiebung darstellt, noch nicht so ganz erfährt hat. Warum ist die Devenschiebung gerade heute ein fluchwürdiges Verbrechen?

Jedes Land hat seine bestimmten Zahlungsmittel. Wir Deutschen haben die Mark, die Franzosen den Franken, die Holländer den Gulden, die Amerikaner den Dollar usw. Deutschland treibt Handel mit vielen andern Ländern. Von Amerika kauft es z. B. Petroleum, Baumwolle usw., von Schweden bezieht es Erze, von Italien Südfrüchte, von Ungarn Lebensmittel usw. Diese Waren aber bekommt das Reich nicht geschenkt. Sie müssen entweder durch Gegengeschäfte eingetauscht oder mit barem Gelde bezahlt werden. Auf diese Weise wandern also alljährlich Millionen von Reichsmark ins Ausland.

Dem Volke abgegaunert!



So wohnen jüdische Devenschieber

Das feudale Empfangszimmer des Juden Carl Zischel in Mainz

wisengesehe herauszugeben. Diese Gesehe richten sich gegen alle jene, die unerlaubterweise deutsche oder fremde Zahlungsmittel ins Ausland bringen. Wer dies dennoch tut, schädigt das deutsche Volk auf das empfindlichste, denn er wird es nicht mehr bezahlen können.

um die Vorschriften der nichtjüdischen Behörden nicht zu kümmern braucht. Im Talmud heißt es ja, daß der Jude nicht verpflichtet ist, den nichtjüdischen Behörden den Hohn zu bezahlen. Er kann Geld über die Grenze hinweg ohne die vorgeschriebenen Abgaben zu



**End of Peter Sichel Family
Collection**

